

UNCLE TOBY'S SERIES.

OLD MOTHER



BANTRY

MC LOUGHLIN BRO'S. NEW-YORK.

OLE

BANTRY.

OLD Mother Bantry,

Went to the pantry,

To get her cat, Grip, some meat;

Not a morsel she found.

Though she looked all around,

So Pussy had nothing to eat.

She went to the butcher's,

To buy her some meat;

But before she reached home,

She met Grip in the street.

So she took Puss home with her,

And fed her with care;

But Grip had a fancy

For daintier fare!





OLD MOTHER BANTRY.

So, when, to the kitchen,
Dame went for a dish,
On returning, she found
Grip was eating her fish.

One time, when she went,
With some mash for the pig,
On returning, she found
Puss was dancing a jig.

And again, when she went, once,
To buy a nice scarf,
On returning, she found
Grip was feeding a dwarf.

So she laughed, ran up stairs,
And dressed herself smart;
And when she came down,
Puss was eating a tart.



OLD MOTHER BANTRY.

So she locked Pussy up,
And went for a ride;
But Grip got away,
And jumped up to her side.

Then the Dame stopped the gig,
And took Grip in her lap;
And for daring to come,
She gave Puss a hard slap.

But at last she forgave her,
And onward, in glee,
Through the country they rode,
Till they came back to tea.

So they sat by the fire,
Good books the Dame read;
After which, they had supper,
And then—went to bed.

OLD MOTHER BANTRY.

In the morn the Dame rose,
And on coming down stairs,
There was Grip catching mice,
Over tables and chairs.

Says the Dame, "That's a frolic,
I can well excuse;
Catch the rats and mice, Grippy,
Whenever you choose."

Next day, having sat
For some time on the lawn;
On returning, she found
That poor Grippy was gone.

So she called out, aloud:
Crying, "Grippy! come here!"
But no answer was made,
Nor did Grippy appear!



OLD MOTHER BANTRY.

She asked every neighbor
And all passers nigh,
If any had seen
Her dear Grippy go by.

But no one had seen her,
Nor heard her, 'twas plain ;
So the Dame thought she never
Should see her again.

Returning, however,
One day from the shore,
What should she behold
But her Grip at the door !

“Oh, welcome ! my Grippy,”
The Dame cries in glee ;
“Where could you have been to ?
Come here, and tell me.”



OLD MOTHER BANTRY.

Says Puss, " When you sat
In the garden, that day,
A man came in doors
And conveyed me away ;

" And ever since then
Made me fast by a chain ;
But to-day I got loose,
And have come home again."

" Come in," says the Dame.
" And as sure as the name
By which I am known, is Dame Bantry ;
You shall live in my house,
On the choicest of mouse,
And have the full run of my pantry."

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